

[facs] Fwd: FW: M.O.M.

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Poem to MOM

My son came home from school today,
With a smirk upon his face.
He decided he was smart enough,
To put me in my place.

"Guess what I learned in Civics Two,
that's taught by Mr. Wright?
It's all about the laws today,
The 'Children's Bill of Rights.'

It says I need not clean my room,
Don't have to cut my hair
No one can tell me what to think,
Or speak, or what to wear.

I have freedom from religion,
And regardless what you say,
I don't have to bow my head,
And I sure don't have to pray.

I can wear ear rings if I want,
And pierce my tongue & nose.
I can read & watch just what I like,
Get tattoos from head to toe.

And if you ever spank me,
I'll charge you with a crime.
I'll back up all my charges,
With the marks on my behind.

Don't you ever touch me,
My body's only for my use,
Not for your hugs and kisses,
that's just more child abuse.

Don't preach about your morals,
Like your Mama did to you.
That's nothing more than mind control,
And it's illegal too!

Mom, I have these children's rights,
So you can't influence me,
Or I'll call Children's Services Board,
Better known as C.S.B."

Mom's Reply and Thoughts

Of course my first instinct was
To toss him out the door.
But the chance to teach him a lesson
Made me think a little more.

I mulled it over carefully,
I couldn't let this go.
A smile crept upon my face,
he's messing with a pro.

Next day I took him shopping
At the local Goodwill Store..
I told him, "Pick out all you want,
there's shirts & pants galore.

I've called and checked with C.S.B .
Who said they didn't care
If I bought you K-Mart shoes
Instead of Nike Airs.

I've canceled that appointment
To take your driver's test.
The C.S.B. Is unconcerned
So I'll decide what's best."

I said "No time to stop and eat,
Or pick up stuff to munch.
And tomorrow you can start to learn
To make your own sack lunch.

Just save the raging appetite,
And wait till dinner time.
We're having liver and onions,
A favorite dish of mine."

He asked "Can I please rent a movie,
To watch on my VCR?"
"Sorry, but I sold your TV,
For new tires on my car.
I also rented out your room,
You'll take the couch instead.
The C.S.B. Requires
Just a roof over your head.

Your clothing won't be trendy now,
I'll choose what we eat.
That allowance that you used to get,
Will buy me something neat.

I'm selling off your jet ski,
Dirt-bike & roller blades.
Check out the 'Parents Bill of Rights',
It's in effect today!

Hey hot shot, are you crying,
Why are you on your knees?
Are you asking God to help you out,

Instead of C.S.B..?"

Send to all people that have teenagers or have
already raised teenagers,

Or have children who will soon be teenagers or
those who will be parents someday